

(Continued on eighth page.)

Poetry.

THE PATCH WORK QUILT.

In sheen of silk and splendor,
With glittering threads of gold,
I've seen the waving marvels
That hang in walls of old;
When fair hands wrought the lily,
And brave hands held the lance,
And stately lords and ladies
Stepped through the country dance.
I've looked on rarer fabrics,
The wonders of the loom,
That caught the flowers of summer,
And captive held their bloom;
But not their wondrous beauty,
Though fit for queens to wear,
Can with one household treasure,
That's all my own compare.
It has no golden value,
The simple patchwork spread;
Its squares in homely fashion,
Set in with green and red;
But all those faded pieces
For me are shining bright,
Ah! many a summer morning,
And many a winter night.
The dewy breath of clover,
The gleaming light of flame,
Like spells my heart came over,
As once by one I name
These bits of old time dresses—
Chintz, calico, calico—
That looked so fresh and dainty
On my darling long ago.
This violet was my mother's,
I seem to see her face,
That ever like the sunshine
Lit up the saddest place.
This blue belonged to Susan,
That scarlet spot was mine;
And Fanny wore this pretty white,
Where purple pansies shine.
I turn my patchwork over—
A book with pictured leaves—
And I feel the lilac fragrance,
And the snow-fall on the eaves,
Of all my heart's possessions,
I think I least could spare
The quilt we children pieced at home
When mother dear was there.

THE COMPLIMENT.

Arrayed in snow white pants and vest
And other raiment fair to view
I stood before my sweetheart Sue—
The charming creature I love best.
"Tell me, and does my costume suit?"
I asked the apple of my eye,
And then the charmer made reply—
"Oh, yes, you do look awful cute!"
Although I frequently had heard
My sweetheart vent her pleasure so,
I must confess I did not care,
The meaning of that favorite word.
But presently at window side
We watched the passing throng
And soon a dandy passed along
With ears like wings extended wide.
And gazing at the dainty pair
My sweetheart gave a merry cry—
I quote her language with a sigh—
"O Charlie, ain't he awful cute!"
—Denver Tribune.

Miscellaneous.

MY FRIEND LEWIS.

I never liked Lewis—never. We were boys together. Our good mothers were delighted to see us playing marbles together; but he could always knock down better than I could. We played at turn-pike-gate with our hoops; and somehow he always trundled his between the pebbles which constituted, to our young imaginations, the pike, man in apron, toll-bar and all—while I scattered them and lost the game. When we first came together we were both schoolboys on the same form. His lessons were my lessons day after day; but then, if there was an advantage in the progress it was generally on my side. Somehow he got all the credit.

Lewis was born under extraordinary circumstances. His family were a wild, ambitious, and I have often heard my mother, say, unscrupulous set. At the period of his birth they were in the height of their splendor. It was impossible to reproach them in those days. They had the biggest house in their neighborhood by far. Their horses and stables were the envy of everybody. They gave parties that blocked up the place with the equipages of the guests. The greatest people in the land went to see them; and even people of distinction from abroad on arriving in the country would take the earliest opportunity of paying their respects to Lewises. Mr. Lewis himself was a gloomy, morose, unpopular man; but his wife, when she was young, was one of the loveliest women, as my father often declared, to my mother's mortification, upon whom the sun ever shone. It seems that she was as brilliant in mind and as courageous in spirit as she was in person lovely. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis were called, among the local tradesmen, the beauty and the beast. While he never had a gracious word or look, she was always wreathed in smiles. She had a kind word and a ready hand for the poor. If she disliked her lord, she loved her children, and they were always with her in the carriage. Two boys that were the envy of all other boys who saw them, who wore the loveliest feathers in their hats; trundled hoops with padded sticks; played with marbles every one of which was an agate; and spun tops of satin-wood with silken cords, were the idols of their beautiful parent, and were very seldom permitted to range beyond her sight. There was an uncle in the family, whose Mrs. Lewis loved as well as the most devoted daughter can adore as her Mentor, her guide in all things. His word was law; and she was never tired of telling her friends about his wisdom and the great position he held in the world.

It was very natural in Mrs. Lewis to make much of her step-father. He was the personage to whom she looked for the advancement of her darling boys in life. His influence appeared to be boundless—and he knew it, as my mother, who often saw him frowning out of his chariot window on his way to see his beautiful step-daughter, would tell me in after years. The elder boy was sickly, and was kept at home; but the second was sent to school; and as I have said it was at school I first met him.

The new boy made a sensation. It was whispered along the forms that his name

was Lewis, and that he had come in a barrow with a servant in a livery to carry his books. We crowded round him in the playground, and found that his pockets were full of money; that he had a knife with one blade more than that of the cock of the school; and that a most imposing coat-of-arms was engraved on the heaviest of silver spoons and forks, which were brought for his use at the table. The master fawned on him, and gave him easy lessons, and put him at the desk nearest to the stove. We hated him for this—boys are only little men.

Out of school, Lewis, I must say, gave himself no airs. His plentiful pocket-money was lavishly scattered when the apple-woman came into the playground. He would buy a shilling's worth of Bonaparte's ribs, and give every boy in the school one. He would propose a scramble for apples, or a whole quart of Spanish nuts. I have known him come with half a dozen coconuts, and give one each to the fellows who had played at snakes with him. Playing at horses was his passion. A boy must be a great favorite, or be able to dispense favors, who wants to drive a team in the playground. Lewis was amiable enough, we thought then and was ready to give everything he had—provided we would be his nags. We made him pay—and he drove us. He was a ready fellow with his fists, I admit. I got on very well with him, and was often his off-ride, because I made my bargain openly, and he liked that. I carried off heaps of things, till my mother at home was quite alarmed. "Where did you get that splendid top, Bob?" said mother. "Lewis," was my response. But I never liked him.

We played truant together, and he got me off the punishment, and the school cheered him in the playground for it. I thought they made much of it—but I must say Lewis himself didn't; and he behaved well in asking me home to his mother's great house to dine and spend a Saturday afternoon with him. Mrs. Lewis's step-father was there, and everything gave way to him. He pinched my ear playfully, and tipped me when I went off to school in the evening—loaded with fruit and cakes for the boys in our form, which Mrs. Lewis packed up with her own white hands, while her step-father stood by looking at her, and joking very affably for so great a man.

Once when the holidays came—being then an orphan, and my guardians being resident in Florence—Lewis persuaded his mother to invite me for a fortnight or so to their country house. It was here I saw the Lewises and their mighty friends in all their glory. The house, or castle, was an ancient one, which her first step-father had given to Mrs. Lewis as a marriage present, and which he helped her to beautify, superintending the cultivation of the fruits and flowers, the felling of the timber, the planting out of the shrubberies, and the repairs and adornments of the house itself. They were a picture together—when he was shuffling about in his gray dressing-gown, and she was in her white morning robe, with her abundant hair floating about her—so long that she could throw it round Lewis, and almost smother him with it—which made him look very foolish, I thought. She petted Lewis in the most ridiculous style, and made him dress like a page in a burlesque. To me she was almost as affectionate as to her own son; and when I told her how I was left an orphan in my fourth year, and how I had not a relation in the world, a big hot tear from her brimmed eyes fell upon my hand, which she was holding while she talked to me. She said I must let her be a mother to me; and she called up Lewis and told him, in her serious impetuous way, that he was to look upon me as a brother, and be always kind to me.

Mrs. Lewis was an indulgent mother; but she was strict too; as her step-father directed her to be, and his word was to her law in everything. Lewis went to bed at 9, and so did I while I was at the castle. We begged half an hour's grace sometimes; but she would never yield—even when she was in the middle of a song. She sang divinely, and Lewis loved to hear his mother. Sometimes he would keep me awake for a whole hour after we were in bed, listening to Mrs. Lewis's voice in the drawing room. I was obliged to keep awake, being his guest; but this shows how inconsiderate he could be.

He had begged Mrs. Lewis to allow him to give me one of his Shetland ponies on my birthday; and he had surprised me with it, with brand new saddle and bridle—which was very good, I am quite free to own; but he might have remembered that I liked fishing much better than riding, and that I should have been more pleased with a handsome rod and tackle.

One day Mrs. Lewis's step-father seeing me on the terrace alone, called me to him, and began to question me on the life that my guardians had projected for me. When I told him that I had not heard from them for a year, and that I had not the least idea of their intentions in regard to me, he pulled my ear, and muttered, "Poor lad! poor lad!—this is the way the world is managed." And so the subject dropped, and Lewis and I, at the end of the holidays, returned to school.

Misfortunes overtook me when I was on the point of entering at the Middle Temple. My guardians died, and to my horror and amazement I was informed their affairs were involved, to my utter ruin. They had speculated with my money, and out of a good fortune which my parents had left me I had something less than 300 pounds left. I communicated my distress to Lewis; and he sympathized with me. He would have been a stone had he done less, seeing how intimate we had been from our early boyhood. Mrs. Lewis had been for some time in bad health. Her great step-father had died overwhelmed with ruin in a great lawsuit, and she had the castle no longer; and young Lewis could keep only one horse now, and was obliged to give himself fewer airs. The wreck was more than respectable; but it was a wreck. I was among those who did not desert them, and did not disdain to ride in the modest brougham to which poor Mrs. Lewis was reduced, and with but one man servant to

wait at table. Lewis never forgot my birthday; and Mrs. Lewis was good enough to insist, when she heard my misfortunes, that I should let her pay my Temple fees, and that I should accept of a couple of rooms in her house, to be with Lewis. She saw, I expect, that I exerted a very salutary influence over him. How could I look churlish and refuse—especially when Lewis joined his entreaties to those of his mother? It wanted no little moral courage, however, to keep with the Lewises, although they loaded me with attentions, because people talked about them in the neighborhood; and the tradesmen sneered and jeered when the plain little brougham rolled past their doors, or I and Lewis walked home to dinner. I had no other home, however, and hardly a farthing in my pocket. As I have said, I was without a relation in the world. But I do take a little credit to myself for my pluck in holding to the wreck; for—I can make no secret of it—I never liked Lewis.

Mrs. Lewis paid all my expenses while she lived, just as she paid those of her own child. I could hardly see anything in which she made a difference between us; and when there was any slight advantage in Lewis's share he made it up to me. I was shrewd enough to see that he could not do without me. He was full of dreams. He was forever talking about his uncle and the grand days, and whether he could not redeem the fortunes of the family. I laughed at him, I confess, and advised him, with the small fortune that remained, to put himself in some good business in the city. He shrugged his shoulders and would not hear of it, but went dreaming on; and I believe his mother encouraged him. He pinched himself to employ lawyers, who were to reopen the old horrible lawsuit, and win back the tens of thousands of pounds and the old castle. We were to walk on the old terrace once more, and smoke our cigars again in the familiar viceroy. It was said to see the infatuation which possessed Lewis, like his blood, not to say the vanity. He was not unkind of me, I must say, in all his dreams. I was to have my share of the glory—when he got it. The cause came again and again before the courts. I had been called to the bar meantime; and Lewis had insisted that I should be employed, and that my brief should be handsomely marked. It was business to me, and any business to a young barrister is welcome. So I appeared. It was really an effort of friendship on my part; for the bar was laughing outright at young Lewis, as a fool who was throwing good money after bad. There was no hope for him. The judges tittered when he rose; the public smiled when Lewis took his seat among the attorneys. When we failed my Temple friends would come round me and ask, "Well, has Young Infatuation had enough of it now?"

Lewis's brother died when he was about 19; and Mrs. Lewis followed soon after. I thought Lewis would have gone mad. He was certainly an affectionate son; but who would not have been affectionate with such a mother? Had it not been for his precious lawsuit he would have followed Mrs. Lewis in a month or two; but the difficulties increased, and the chances became less and less he only grew firmer in his resolve—to spend his last farthing in the last hour of his life in the fight. He spared me all I asked from him—which was not much; and he contrived that I should continue to live together, so that I might carry on my profession. I intended, you may be sure, to refund him to the utmost penny some day; but who can tell what the money may bring forth? I don't think he expected to be repaid. He never said so; and there were times, I know, when I had money and he had none. Nay, there were two or three occasions on which he was locked up. He actually carried on his plans in the sponging house, and when he was let out walked straight away to his lawyers. He would meet me with that strange sad smile on his face, and his first question would be, How was I getting on? Did I want anything? In a few moments all troubles would be over, and we should be in clover. For I must do him the justice—one leaf of every trefail he might gather was to be for your humble servant. Yet I never liked him.

To tell how, on a sudden, fortune came upon us would be to make a long story. The tenacity of Lewis's character carried him through. He looked sickly; but in the weak, weak casket was the mother's heart. He had the art as waiting. When he was in Cursitor-st. one day overtures were made to him, by the acceptance of which he would have secured to himself a handsome income for life. But he disdained it, and went quietly up to bed, on a November night, in the shabby sponging house, with the observation that he was in no hurry. So that when an extraordinary turn in the lawsuit took every lawyer by surprise, and the legal world stood aghast, amazed, dumbfounded at a decision that put him in possession of the entire wealth of that remarkable uncle of his who used to pinch my ears, he alone was cool. I can see him now, fastening the elastic band about his umbrella as he walked out of the court, as calm as the cabman whom he hailed. On the morrow morning, when he had read the report of the case in the papers, he turned to me and said: "I was right, my friend; you see that I was right. And now tell me which are the rooms in the castle you would prefer? Drop in at Coutts's and see the library I have ventured to take with you, balance. Tell me if you like your brougham; it is at the door. Now see whether you cannot become Lord Chancellor."

In sober truth, my brougham was at the door; my account was a pretty one; and I had the pick of the castle apartments. The scene was a glorious one when the sun of Lewis's fortunes was in its noontide splendor. The beautiful, the brilliant, the gifted, the illustrious, crowded to his halls, thronged his drawing-rooms, peopled his park, and tasted of all the sweets of the refined and liberal hospitality. He alone remained calm and easy, I might say unconcerned. Misfortune had hit him hard, and had not stirred a muscle of his face: fortune was now his generous friend, and he could barely exert a smile from him.

I was, I think, more grateful. I blessed and thanked—the fates. For, while any care as to my means of living was removed far away from me, I neglected no opportunity of promoting my own advancement in my own way. I worked at my profession, and Lewis was able to introduce me to first-rate business. I had at times more than I could well manage. When I was at the castle I would retire from the scene of the festivities to my own apartment, and there turn out my brief bag upon the table, and read into the small hours, very few men, I flatter myself, would have done that, with the advantages that I had within my reach. But I was determined not to be dependent upon Lewis. I was resolved to draw the line somehow; for, as I think I have remarked before, I never really liked him.

I grew rich—I do not deny it; and it was Lewis's money that enabled me to make a figure in the world, which is half the battle in the professions. But he wanted me; I was necessary to him; and therefore it was for himself that he was open-handed with me. I am not the first orphan who has been adopted; nor the first school-chum who has been befriended in after-life; nor the first man who has owed his stepping-stones to fortune, to accident. I don't see why I should be pestered about it, as though there was something so very extraordinary in the case. I make my acknowledgments once for all; and I fail to see why I should be perpetually uttering thanks. It has been said that gratitude is a lively sense of favors to come; I am sure that I expected nothing more from Lewis.

The brougham in which I rode was his, granted; my house was part of his estate, granted. The case in which I pocketed nearly three thousand pounds was of his introduction; have I ever denied it? My wife's brilliant were a present made to her by Lewis when we were married. Does not this happen every day in the week? Am I bound to like a man because he finds pleasure in my society and profit in my advice? Let me tell my story in my own way to the end. We were at the castle. My wife and children had been staying for months, and I had been in the habit of running down in the intervals of my arduous professional duties. Lewis had stood godfather to our eldest boy, and had settled a sum of money on the engaging young fellow that insured him a good position in life; so that we felt bound to humor the godfather's desire to have the boy as much with him as possible. Lewis was very fond of children; and they, I am bound to add, were very fond of him.

Well, on a certain autumn morning—the first on which a fire had been deemed necessary in the breakfast room—Lewis asked me to give him half an hour in the library. I had business of my own in hand; but I was always a good-natured fellow, I believe, and I followed my old schoolfellow. He began quietly, as when he put the band round his umbrella when he had gained his cause:

"The vicissitudes of my life are not ended yet. My dear old schoolfellow, learn that once again I haven't a penny in the world." At this point I begged him to excuse me for a moment and I ran to my wife's boudoir and told her to have everything ready for the midday train. Above all, she was not to forget her diamonds. She was the most obedient of consorts, and I will do her the justice to say that she did not forget a thing—even to the baby's socks. I returned to the library, and taking Lewis by the hand, expressed my regret. He continued:

"Not a penny in the world! I am beggared, my dear friend, by the men whom I have helped to affluence. My own people have turned upon me. My own stewards have destroyed me. The people and places I found poor and bare, and that are now thriving, are the centres of the infamy that has stripped me. You heard one of my bailiffs this morning give me notice. This rascal is rat number twenty, and carries off a handsome competence with him. But some are not at the trouble of masking their ingratitude. There is no creature on two legs, nor upon four, half so ungrateful as a bad servant whom you have petted, and can pervert no longer. See that fellow crossing the park with a loaded cart. He came to me shirtless, rat number twenty-one."

"But how has this come to pass, my dear Lewis?" I asked; "is it altogether irremediable?" "It has come to pass as I have told you. Every man on whose honor I have relied has betrayed me. My model cottagers, I am told, have sold me for a fool. I have trebled the trade of my country town, and the townsfolk haven't a good word for me, although they had plenty yesterday. The local paper has turned about with its readers. Last week I was munificent; but in to-day's copy I am a fool; in the next edition I shall be a rogue. I should advise you to clear the sinking ship while there's a boat—that is a coach—at hand."

"Leave you, Lewis, at such a moment!" I exclaimed; for I was hurt at his suggestion, which was not a very delicate one under the circumstances. "Leave you now! I would not think of such a thing; nor should anything less than the case—the tremendous case—of Thunder vs. Butter, drag me from your side to-morrow." A smile passed over the placid face of Lewis while I spoke. It was a smile I had seen before, and at which a less amiable man than I can say without vanity, I am, might have taken offence.

"You leave to-morrow, then?" Lewis asked.

"I will," I said; "I shall tide over the week, I daresay; but there will be elbow room in the castle before then, I can see."

I did not like Lewis's style. Of course I made every allowance for him under the circumstances; and when I had seen my wife to the station with the children, the maids, the jewels and dressing cases, and my dispatch-box in which my deeds were safely under lock and key, made a second attempt to be kind and sympathetic. I asked whether there was anything I could do for him in London.

"Yes," he said, raising his cold blue eyes and cutting the words with his glittering teeth, "Yes; remain in it!"

This was too much; and I left him. Now all my impressions as to his character were confirmed; and I could understand thoroughly why I never liked him.

At the railway station—for I left that very evening—I found more than half the castle servants. The station-master was compelled to put on three or four extra luggage-vans; and I kept the train quite five minutes, getting my boy's penny (Lewis's last present) into a horse-box.

When I reached town I heard more than I care to relate about the immense ruin in which Lewis had involved himself. He had trusted vast sums of money to friends and relatives, right and left; he had listened to any kind of got up tale of distress; he had been imposed upon in fifty directions. A splendid man of business; a powerful, clear-headed administrator; he had doubled the value of the enormous property which came to him, after so many years of battling and of poverty, from his uncle. But, you see, he ruined all by putting faith in men who were not trustworthy; and I am told that when he left the castle there was not a man there to carry his carpet-bag to the railway.

I cannot help feeling a kind of warmth toward the man when my wife comes like a queen into her drawing-room, covered with the marriage parure of diamonds; but my conscience is at ease—as is as quiet as a babe asleep—for, as I am sure I must have remarked twenty times, even at the height of his prosperity, I never liked Lewis—Never!

Beecher's Farm.

Mark Twain has written of Mr. Beecher's old farm on the Hudson River as follows:

Mr. Beecher's farm consists of thirty-six acres, and is carried on on strict scientific principles. He never puts in any part of a crop without consulting his book. He plows, and reaps, and digs, and sows according to the best authorities, and the authorities cost more than the other farming implements do. As soon as the library is complete the farm will begin to be a profitable investment. Upon one occasion, when it seemed morally certain that the hay-ought to be cut, the hay book could not be found, and before it was found it was too late and the hay was all spoiled. Mr. Beecher raises some of the finest crops of wheat in the country, but the unfavorable difference between the cost of producing it and its market value after it is produced has interfered considerably with its success as a commercial enterprise. His special weakness is hogs, however. He considers hogs the best game a farm produces. He buys the original pig for \$1.50 and feeds him \$40 worth of corn, and then sells him for about \$30. This is the only crop he ever makes any money on. He loses on the corn, but makes \$7.50 on the hog. He does not mind this, because he never expects to make any thing on corn. And any way it turns out, he has the excitement of raising the hog, whether he gets the worth of him or not. His strawberries would be a comfortable success if the robins would eat turnips, but they won't, and hence the difficulty.

One of Mr. Beecher's most harassing difficulties in his farming operations comes of the close resemblance of different sorts of seeds and plants to each other. Two years ago his far-sightedness warned him that there was going to be a great scarcity of watermelons, and therefore he put in a crop of twenty-seven acres of that fruit. But when they came up they turned out to be pumpkins, and a dead loss was the consequence. Sometimes a portion of his crop goes into the ground the most promising sweet potatoes, and comes out the infernal cabbages—though I have never heard him express it just in that way. When he bought his farm he found one egg in every hen's nest on the place. He said that there was just the reason so many farmers failed; they scattered their forces too much; concentration was the idea. So he gathered those eggs together and put them all under one experienced old hen. That hen roosted over that contract night and day for eleven weeks, under the anxious personal supervision of Mr. Beecher himself, but she could not "phase" those eggs. Why? Because they were those infamous porcelain things which are used by ingenious and fraudulent farmers as "nest eggs." But perhaps Mr. Beecher's most disastrous experience was a time he tried to raise an immense crop of dried apples. He planted \$1,500 worth, but never one of them sprouted. He has never been able to understand to this day what was the matter with those apples.

Mr. Beecher's farm is not a triumph. It would be easier on him if he worked it on shares with some one; but he can not find anybody who is willing to stand half the expense, and not many that are able. Still persistence in any cause is bound to succeed. He was a very inferior farmer when he first began, but a prolonged and unflinching assault upon his agricultural difficulties has had its effect at last, and he is now fast rising from affluence to poverty.

Whipped and Cleared.

In the early days of Missouri, a man was tried and convicted for stealing a horse. The court sentenced him to receive thirty-nine lashes on his bare back. An acquaintance, meeting him shortly after he had been punished and discharged, asked him how he came out. "First rate!" was the prompt reply; "whipped and cleared!"

A thief in a California miner's camp once had a similar experience. In the early days of mining every one was too well off to steal, and the miners kept their sacks of gold dust in their tents. But as gold became more difficult to find, lazy fellows thought it better to steal than to dig. One day a well-dressed fellow stole some gold from a miner, and, mounted on a swift horse, fled from the camp. He was followed, arrested, and was tried before a magistrate appointed by the miners, and promptly convicted. The grim humor of a mining community shone in the sentence: "The court thinks," said the magistrate, "that you should restore the gold to its owner." The thief, thinking that he was about to be let off easily, at once handed it over. Then the court pleasantly suggested that it would be right for the thief to pay the costs of the trial. He made no objection

to this judgment, and promptly handed out two ounces—thirty-two dollars—of gold dust, the amount of the costs. "Now," said the magistrate, with the utmost blandness, "there is another part of the sentence of this court, which has not yet been mentioned; and that is that you receive thirty-nine lashes on your bare back, well laid on." The thief was "whipped and cleared."

Something About Baboons.

They resemble dogs in the general form and the length of the face or snout, but they have hands with well developed opposable thumb on both the fore and hind limbs, and this, with something in the expression of the face and their habit of sitting up and using their hands in a very human fashion, at once shows that they belong to the monkey tribe. Many of them are very ugly, and in their wild state they are the fiercest and most dangerous of monkeys. Some have the tail very long, others of medium length, while it is sometimes reduced to a mere stump, and all have large cheek-pouches and bare seat-pads. They are found all over Africa, from Egypt to the Cape of Good Hope, while one species, called hamadryas, extends from Abyssinia across the Red Sea into Arabia, and is the only baboon found out of Africa. This species was known to the ancients, and it is often represented in Egyptian sculptures, while mummies of it have been found in the catacombs. The largest and most remarkable of all the baboons is the mandrill of west Africa, whose swollen and hog-like face is ornamented with stripes of vivid blue and scarlet. This animal has a tail scarcely two inches long, while in size and strength it is not much inferior to the gorilla. These large baboons go in bands, and are said to be a match for any other animals in the African forests, and even to attack and drive away the elephants, from the districts they inhabit. Turning now to Asia, we have first one of the best known of the man-like apes—the orang-utan, found only in the larger islands, Borneo and Sumatra. The name is Malay, signifying "man of the woods," and it should be pronounced orang-ootan, the accent being on the first syllable of both words. It is a very curious circumstance that, whereas the gorilla and chimpanzee are both black, like the negroes of the same country, the orang-utan is color of the Malay Dyaks who live in the Bornean forests. Though very large and powerful, it is a harmless creature, feeding on fruit and never attacking any other animal except in self-defense. A full-grown male orang-utan is rather more than four feet high, but with a body as large as that of a stout man, and with enormously long and powerful arms. Another group of true apes inhabit Asia and the larger Asiatic islands, and are in some respects the most remarkable of the whole family. These are the gibbons, or long-armed apes, which are generally of small size and of a gentle disposition, but possessing the most wonderful agility. In these creatures the arms are as long as the body and legs together, and are so powerful that a gibbon will hang for hours suspended from a branch, or swing to and fro, and throw itself a great distance through the air. The arms, in fact, completely take the place of the legs for traveling. Instead of jumping from bough to bough and running on the branches like other apes and monkeys, the gibbons move along while hanging suspended in the air, stretching their arms from bough to bough, and thus going hand over hand as a very active sailor will climb along a rope. The strength of their arms is, however, so prodigious, and their hold so sure, that they often caught a bough with the other, thus seeming almost to fly through the air by a series of swinging leaps; and they travel among the network of interlacing boughs a 100 feet above the earth with as much ease and certainty as we walk or run upon the level ground, and with even greater speed. These little animals scarcely ever come down to the ground of their own accord, but when obliged to do so they run along almost erect, with their long arms swinging round and round, as if trying to find some tree or other object to climb upon. They are the only apes who naturally walk without using their hands as well as their feet, but this does not make them more like men, for it is evident that the attitude is not an easy one and is only adopted because the arms are habitually used to swing by, and are therefore naturally held upward instead of downward, as they must be when walking on them.

—[Contemporary Review.]

A firm on Clark Street, Chicago, in the ready-made clothing business, have capped the climax in the advertising way. In their large show window, in front of cords of coats, vests, pants, hosiery, shirts, cravats and all the tawdry which helps to make up the exterior of man's anatomy, there is a securely constructed sheep pen, with a family of live Spanish Merino sheep—black, ewe and lamb—all snuggled down in nice, clean straw, as comfortable as if they were in their own shed at home on the prairie. The suggestion of the natural connection between wool and men's apparel is seen at a glance, and crowds stop in front of that agricultural exhibition to admire it.

hair brushes and other similar purposes under conditions in which soap and other alkalis are powerless. It is suitable for a hair wash, and is said to be largely used by French hair dressers, though the mode of preparation is kept secret. Such a tree ought to be invaluable in Australia, New Zealand, Cape Colony, and other colonies where wool growing is a staple industry. Among the uses to which this bark is put may be mentioned that of a preparation for giving an artificial froth or head to ales, a very small quantity put into beer that has become dead causing it to be covered with froth. The bark occurs in commerce in two forms, that of irregular pieces as taken from the tree and in the form of powder.—Nature.

How to Sleep Well.

No healthful sleep comes except that which follows voluntary or involuntary action of the muscles of the body. Pedestrians fall into a sound, deep sleep as soon as put to bed, at the appointed time for rest. This is the sleep from voluntary muscular exercise. A person in good health sits around the house all day; an invalid may all day sit and lounge and lie down from morning till night without sleeping; and both the healthy man and the invalid, in the course of the evening, will become sleepy, and fall into sound repose, the result of the weariness which involuntary motion brings about; for the various organs of the body, the heart, the liver, the stomach, the eyelids, work steadily every day. The intestines are as ceaseless in their motion as the waves of the ocean; as these latter are always dashing towards the shores, so too is the great visceral machinery working, working, working, pushing the waves of the body downward and outward from the first breath of existence to the last gasp of life. There is not a movement of the system, voluntary or involuntary, external or internal, which does not require power to cause it. When that power is, to a certain extent, exhausted, instinct brings on the sensation of sleepiness, which is the result of exhausted power, intended by nature to secure that cessation from activity which gives time for recuperation, very much as a man who runs for a while stops and rests, so as to get stronger to run again. We get up in the morning with a certain amount of reserved, or accumulated strength; in the course of the day that strength becomes expended to the point necessary for the commencement of a new supply, which comes from rest, the rest from sleep. Opium narcotics, all forms of anodynes, cause sleep artificially by compelling rest. A horse may be tied so that he can not move; he is compelled to be at rest; it is not the rest of tiredness, hence it is unnatural. Anodynes, in a sense, tie a man down; they take away his power of motion, they compel a rest, but it is not the which is the result of used-up strength, hence it is an artificial rest causing an artificial sleep, not natural; and sleep which is not natural cannot be healthful; hence the truth of the first utterances of this chapter—healthful sleep comes from the expenditure of the strength of the body in various forms of exercise.—[Hall's Journal of Health.]

Opening the Car Window.

Maybe a man feels happy and proud and flattered and envied and blessed among men when he sees a pretty girl trying to raise a window on a railway car, and he jumps and gets in ahead of the other boys and says: "Allow me?" oh, so courteously. And she says: "Oh, if you please; I would be so glad." And the other male passengers turn green with envy and he leans over the back of the seat and tackles the window in a knowing way with one hand, as if peradventure he may toss it airily with a simple turn of the wrist, but it kind of holds on and he takes it in both hands, but it sort of doesn't let go to any alarming extent, then he seems to settle a "leete closer into place," and then he comes around and she gets out of the seat to give him a fair chance, and he grapples that window and bows up his back and tugs and pulls and sweats and grunts and strains, and his hat falls off and his suspender buttons fetch loose, and his vest buckle parts and his face gets red and his feet slip and people laugh, and irreverent young men in remote seats grunt and groan every time he lifts and cry out: "Now, then, all together," as if in mockery, and he bursts his collar at the forward button, and the pretty young lady, vexed at having been made so conspicuous, says in her iciest manner, "Oh, never mind, thank you, it doesn't make any difference," and then calmly goes away and sits down in another seat, and that wearied man gathers himself together and reads a book upside down. Oh, doesn't he feel good, just? Maybe he isn't happy, but if you think he isn't, don't be fool enough to extend any of your sympathy. He doesn't want it.

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THE DEGENERATE AGE.

Ab! those days have gone forever, with their splendor and their fever,
And their lofty scorn of living, and their quenchless thirst of fame!
When faith and beauty filled them, and when love and glory thrilled them,
And the sacred light of Honor led them like a flitting flame!

And the minstrels, tender-hearted! they are silent and departed,
With their stately music, once so delicate and sweet;
Now we never sigh to hear them, but we fly them and we fear them—
Grinding melancholy organs on the corner of the street.

Gone the Pirate and the Sea King, and Buccaneer and Viking;
Faded the banner of the Rover, hushed his cannon's heavy roar;
And the only reminiscence of his nautical existence
Is the hanging of the big drum in the play of "Pin-afore."

Gone the glamour and the glory of the Knights of song and story,
With their love and high endeavor, and their noble deeds and aims!
Of heroic days behind us, now there's nothing to remind us
But the solitary horseman in the narrative of James!

Yes! the Knights so celebrated, in these days degenerated,
Would be madmen or marauders—we would ridicule their sense—
And the Pirate of the shipping would be hanged or get a whipping,
And the Troubadour be prisoned under local vagrant laws.

Now the soul that seems to grovel, can but revel in the novel
Of Sir Walter Scott or Balwer, on the days of long ago;
And of Brionne de Bourbon, and of mighty Coeur de Lion,
And of Lancelot and Arthur, and immortal Ivanhoe.

For the prosy and pedantic have extinguished the romantic,
And the pomp and pride of chivalry are driven from the stage;
All is now so faint and tender that the world has lost its gender,
And the creature Esthetic is the model of the age!

"The Boys who Never got Home."
The following tender and touching tribute to the soldiers who never returned from the war, was written by Georgia W. Peck of the *National Tribune*, in the form of a letter of regret at being unable to attend a "camp fire" of a Grand Army post at Janesville, Wisconsin:

I would like to be there, Thomas, and take the old soldiers by the hand, and look into the eyes that are becoming dim, and notice the effect of Father Time's penicils on the faces of the boys, who twenty years ago were as full of vitality and as keen as any man that ever kept step to the rattling of a canteen against a cart-ridge-box. Boys, do you realize that you are growing old? It is hard to realize it, but if another war were to break out, your little babies that you left in the mother's arms twenty years ago, cowering at the "hand-me-down" blue uniform in which you were disguised, would be the chap the government would want. Boys, you are rapidly becoming "old back numbers," though you feel young enough to stub around home, you are "exempt" now. Do you realize that the little baby girl that clung to you as you said good-bye, twenty years ago, with tears in your eyes as big as a glass paper weight, or an editor's diamond pin, is now a woman, married, and that another baby is trying to utter the word "grandpa," when you come in putting on your youthful airs? It is pleasant now to chase the festive bean around the home camp fire and talk of the nights when you slept on the ground in a pup tent, or on some battle-field, with your wet and muddy pantaloons legs frozen as stiff as a dried codfish, while you dreamed that every star that was looking down from above was the eye of a dear one at home beckoning you to "Hold the Fort," and hurry up and get through with the confounded foolishness and come home. You can laugh now as you think how you got up in the morning after such a night's rest, looking as though you had been drawn through a brush fence, and swearing because the nigger was afraid to come up with the camp kettle of coffee. You who are left have a right to be happy, but in the midst of your bean banquet let me ask you to stand up with your tin cup of black coffee, and drink to "The boys who never got home," the brave fellows who returned not to meet the loved ones they parted with twenty years ago. Let us hope that the great congress above "removed the disabilities" of the boys who left vacancies in their regiments, and that the few chickens they took in the way of business from the enemy will not be entered up against them on the Big Book, but that the Provost Guard on duty at the gates of the "New Jerusalem" will "present arms" to them and let the boys that are welcome to the best there is, and that when we all get in our work here, and are ready to join our regiment in heaven, that the fellows that we buried years ago may stand on the parapet as we come straggling in, and give us the old soldiers' welcome with a "three times three" and a tiger. And we shall say to them, "all right, comrades, we should have been here before, only we were detained by business."

A Poor Town For Business.
He was red-nosed, wild eyed man from the head of waters of Sage Run, and looked as if he hadn't been in town since oil was discovered. His rusty pants were several inches too short at one end, and he carried half a dozen coon skins in his right hand.

At the postoffice corner he met a lady, and stopping her by holding the bunch of hides before her face, said:
"Can't sell you something for to make a set of furs?"

The lady screamed and shot over to the other side of the street.
"Does any of your neighbors want to buy anything of the kind?" he yelled.
The lady screamed again.

"Now, what's the matter with Hanner?" remarked the red-nosed man as the lady disappeared in the door opposite.

A moment later the man veered into a bank and threw the hides down at the cashier's window.

"Got some A No. 1 coon skins here that I'll sell cheap. Not a scratch of a tooth on any of them. Ketched every one of 'em in a box trap."

"We have no use for them," said the President politely, as he cast an oblique glance at these goods.

"They will make you a vest," said the red-nosed man. "Two hides will make you a vest and one'll make you a cap that'll wear you as long as you live."

"My dear sir," replied the President, somewhat confused, "we don't want hides here. Take them somewhere else, please."

"Mebbe your wife would like a set of furs, and these is—"

"No, no, no," replied the banker impatiently, "take the things away; they are offensive."

"What's that?" said the red-nosed man, sharply.

"Take the blamed things out of this," exclaimed the exasperated banker; "they smell like a slaughter house."

"I'll take a dollar for the lot."

"The people next door buy coon skins," put in the cashier; "take them down there, take them over the river, take—"

"Gimme fifty cents for the lot," he persisted.

"If you don't get out of this I'll kick your head off," yelled the President.

"I'll take thirty cents for six," said the red-nosed man. "Dye say the word?" and he dangled the bunch by the tails.

The President started for the outside. The man with the skins started for the sidewalk, and after having reached it he paused and said:

"Gress at Godfrey! If seal skin and sable were selling for a cent a car load, the bull town can't buy the sand-paper end of a rat's tail."—*Old City Derrick.*

Justice.
"I hate to live in a new country," said Jones, "where there is no law."

"Yer bet yer," chimed in Thompson. "Law is the only thing that keeps us out of everlasting chaos."

"Yes, indeed," said a legal gentleman present. "It is the bulwark of the poor man's liberty, the shield which the strong arm of justice throws over the weak, the solace and the balsam of the unfortunate and wronged, the—"

"Oh, stop 'er," remarked a man with one eye. "I won't have it that way. Law is the boss invention for rascals of all grades. Give me a country where there is no law, and I can take care of myself every time. Now, for instance, when I lived in Ohio I got a dose of law that I will never forget. I was in partnership with a man named Butler, and one morning we found our cashier missing with \$3,000. He had dragged the safe and dug out. Well, I started arter him and caught him in Chicago, where he was splurging around on the money. I got him arrested, and there was an examination. Well, all the facts were brought out and the defense moved that the case be dismissed, as the prosecution did not make out a case in the name of the firm and that if there was a firm the copartnership had not been shown by any evidence before the Court. To my astonishment the Court said the plea was O. K., and dismissed the case. Before I could realize what was up the thief had walked off. Well, I followed him to St. Louis and there I tackled him again. I sent for my partner and we made a complete case, going for him in the name of the commonwealth and Smith, Butler & Co. Well, the lawyer for the defense claimed that the money being taken from a private drawer in the safe was my money exclusively, and that my partner had nothing to do with it; that the case should be prosecuted by me individually, and not by the firm. The old 'bloke' who sat on the bench wiped his spectacles, grunted round a while and dismissed the case. Away goes the man again. Then I got another hitch on him and tried to convict him of theft, but the Court held that he should have been charged with embezzlement. Some years after I tackled him again, and they let him go. Statutes of limitation, you see. Well, I concluded to give it up, and I did."

"But about four years afterward I was down in Colorado and a man pointed to another man and said: 'That fellow has just made a hundred thousand in a mining swindle. I looked, and it was my old cashier. I followed him to the hotel and named him in his room with the money. Now I says, 'Billy do you recognize your old boss?' and of course he did. Says I, 'Bill, I want that three thousand you stole from me, with the interest, and all legal and traveling expenses.' 'Ah, you do?' says he; 'didn't the courts decide that?'"

"To thunder with the courts," says I, "puttin' a sixshooter a foot long under his nose. 'This is the sort of a legal document that I'm travelin' on now. This is the complaint, warrant, indictment, judge, jury, verdict and sentence all combined, and the firm of Colt & Co., of New Haven, are my attorneys in the case. When they speak they talk straight to the point of your jug, you bloody larceny thief. This jury of six, of which I am the foreman, is liable to be discharged at any moment. No technicality or statutes of limitations here, and a stay of proceedings won't last over four seconds. I want \$10,000 to square my bill, or I'll blow your blasted brains off." Well, he passed over the money right away, and said he hoped there'd be no hard feelings."

"Now, there's some Colorado law for you, and it's the kind for me! Eh, boys?" and the crowd with one accord concurred in the cheapness and efficacy of the plan by which a man could carry his court on his hip, instead of appealing to the blind goddess in Chicago and St. Louis.—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

A SIMPLE and needed improvement has been made in the tin cans used for preserving food. The body of the can has a beveled rim, upon the slope of which the cover is soldered. When the cover is tapped around the edge it is expanded, and the solder joint broken by the wedge action of the bevel. The can is thus opened without injury to the lid, while the present inconvenient and even dangerous process of cutting open these air-tight cases is entirely avoided.

Prehistoric Mining in Michigan.
The Lake Superior mines have the advantage of producing metal free from any alloy of antimony or nickel or arsenic. In many of the mines great masses of native metal are found, so large that they must be cut in place with chisels.

All the more important mines are situated on the ancient workings of a prehistoric race. They seem to have been ignorant of the fact that copper could be melted, for they left behind them the fragments too small to use and the masses too heavy to lift. Every day they subjected it to a temperature nearly high enough, without making a discovery which would have lifted them out of the Stone Age into the Bronze Age, and perhaps have enabled them to survive the struggle in which they perished. They must have been very numerous, and have reached the point of development where they were capable of organizing industry.

In Isle Royale, near the Minong mine, their pits, excavated to a depth of from ten to twenty feet in the solid rock, cover an area of from three to four hundred feet wide and more than a mile and a half in length. The labor expended here cannot have been much short of that involved in building a pyramid. Isle Royale is ten miles from the nearest land, and is incapable of producing food, so that all supplies except fish must have been brought from some distant point. Their excavations could of course never go below the point at which water would accumulate. Their hammers, frequently to the number of several thousand, are found in heaps where they were evidently placed at the end of the season. As no graves or evidences of habitations are found, we can hardly doubt that the ancient miners lived south of the great lakes, and made yearly journeyings with fleets of canoes to the copper mines.

The aggregate amount of the metal which they carried off must have been very great, and it has, I believe, been generally thought that the copper implements of the ancient Mexicans came from this source. Mr. Charnay in a recent number of the *American Explorer* seems to think that the Mexicans reduced copper from its ores. A chemical analysis of their hatchets would solve the question, for Lake Superior copper is so free from alloys as to be unmistakable.

The superintendent of the old Caledonia mine in Ontonagon County kindly took me to the top of a cliff where three Cornish "tributers"—miners working not for wages but for a share of the product—had cleared out one of the ancient pits in the outcrop of the vein. They had brought out a quantity of copper, and had just uncovered a large mass which would weigh certainly not less than seven tons. Many battered stone hammers lay around the mouth of the pit. The active little Englishman, belonging to a race of hereditary miners perhaps as old as the mound-builders themselves, had come around the world from the east to finish the work of the departed Asiatic race who reached her from the west at a time to which no date can be assigned. Not far away another party had cut down a dead cedar to make props for their tunnel. As they were putting the log in position, from its centre dropped a small but perfectly formed stone hammer which had never been used. It was made from a stone found, I believe, only on the north shore of the lake. This tree was not from two hundred and fifty years old; but as cedar is almost indestructible in this climate, it may have been dead several hundred years. The axeman said that he had found several hammers in the centre of cedars. It would seem barely possible that this hammer had been placed in a cleft of the tree, when it was a sapling, that the wood might grow around the groove and serve as a handle. At all events, this one, which I have, was certainly placed where it was—about 30 inches from the ground—by human hands, undoubtedly by the ancient miner himself, when the tree was a twig.—*Harper's Magazine for May.*

A certain Chicago vessel captain was complaining recently that he had invested some money on "Change and lost it all. A sympathizing ship-chandler asked him whether he had been a bull or bear, to which he replied: "Neither. I was a jack ass."

The American Electric Light Company of Massachusetts has collapsed. The company owns \$15,000, and has no assets. It was organized with Col. Fred Grant as President, and Wm. Windom, ex-Secretary of the Treasury was one of the directors. About 8,000 shares have been sold at from \$1 to \$10 each.

VARITIES.
NOT VERY GREEN.—A showman, after assuring a reporter that nothing pleased the people more than something full of peril and bloodshed, gives the following incident of his career:

"I ran a whole season on a lion that had eaten a keeper. The people came in crowds, expecting every day to see him make a breakfast of his trainer. Was he actually dangerous? Dangerous! He ate another trainer and then I lost him. His widow was actually in love with her husband, and she swore the animal should be killed, and she swore the keeper should be killed, and as the beast was getting old and the killing made a paying sensation, I did it. But I made all this was out of it. I insisted that the husband should have a gorgeous funeral. She said that there was nothing to bury, as the lion had eaten her husband. 'But ain't the dead departed in the lion?' If we bury the lion, don't we bury the dead departed?' 'Cert,' she said. And we had it, and it was gorgeous. We had a procession with all our wagons in it, the regular state parade, only all our riders had black scarfs on 'em, and the wagons and horses and elephants and such were draped in black, and the band played a dead march. The widder was in an open carriage in full mourning, with white handkerchiefs with black border to her eyes, looking on his minor. There wasn't no mourning, but she held a case just the same. That night the canvas couldn't hold the people. We ran that two weeks to a splendid profit. When the woman got over her grief she went into the lion train! herself as 'Seporita,' Aguardiente, the Lion Queen. I gave her some old lions to practice on and in less than a month she could do just as well as the old man. She was a good woman, too. She rid in 'The Halt in the Desert,' did the bar! act, did a good pad act, and is now practicing bareback. She juggles tollars, and

Does a society song and dance in a side show. When I get talent, I pay and keep it. My treasurer changes the names of my people every season, so as to have fresh attractions. Oh, I know my biz."—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

THE DOG, THE RAVEN, AND THE MUTTON.—A dog, finding a joint of mutton apparently guarded by a negligent raven, stretched himself before it with an air of intense satisfaction.

"Ah!" said he, alternately smiling and stopping up the smiles with meat, "this is an instrument of salvation to my stomach—an instrument upon which I love to perform."

"I beg your pardon," said the bird. "It was placed there specially for me, by one whose right to so convey it is beyond question, he having legally acquired it by chopping it off the original owner."

"I detect no flaw in your abstract of title," replied the dog. "All seems quite regular; but I must not provoke a breach of the peace by lightly relinquishing what I might feel it my duty to resume by violence. I must have time to consider; and in the meantime I will dine."

Thereupon he leisurely consumed the property in dispute, shut his eyes, yawned, turned upon his back, thrust out his legs divergently, and died. For the meat had been carefully poisoned—a fact of which the raven was guiltily conscious. There are several things mightier than brute force, and arsenic is one of them.

"Kiss Me."—A rather good story is told by a German paper, the *Deutsches Monatsblatt*. The servant of the newly married wife of a Berlin banker had remarked that every afternoon, in the absence of Frau—his husband, a shabby looking individual, ill bred, and suspicious, called at the house and remained closeted with her mistress for an hour. Supposing some intrigue, she one day listened at the keyhole, and was horrified to hear a voice say: "Kiss me," and another apparently replying to the tender invitation by exclaiming: "Oh, you Don Juan! You good-for-nothing!" The next time that shabby man called the servant managed to let the husband know.

A violent scene between the "happy pair" was the consequence. The presence of the suspicious visitor was however, soon and satisfactorily explained. He was a bird fancier, who had been requested by the bustling bride to teach a few amorous phrases to a pet parrot, with which she intended to surprise her husband on his birthday. Very German, isn't it?

WHY SHE DOESN'T COUNT THE YEARS.—In the green room of a Parisian theatre the conversation turned upon the delicate subject of age. Presently a gentleman visitor ventured up on the indiscreet query:

"Now, what age are you, my dear friend?" "Oh, you Don Juan! You good-for-nothing!" "What a question, indeed!" said the lady; "how can that possibly interest you?"

"Simply curiosity," responded the visitor. "Well, then, I will be frank with you. Really I don't know. One counts one's money, one's jewels and one's deeds of valour; because it may happen that they could be lost or stolen, but as I am absolutely certain that nobody will take a year from my age, and that I shall never lose one, why there is the end of counting?"

A GENTLEMAN in a village in New York State has a family of three or four little girls. Not long since the children were talking about a pair of twins. One of them, an elder one, turned to her father and said:

"Papa, what do they call it, when three babies come at once?"

A little one, who was much interested in the conversation, and who had heard talk about the small-pox, at once interrupted, and said with much emotion:

"I know, papa." "Well, what do they call it?" said the father.

"An epidemic," said the little one, proudly displaying her knowledge.

SOMEWHAT OF A DIFFERENCE.—We met with this witty and unanswerable report in a sketch of a short trip through a portion of Ireland. The writer is conversing with his car-driver.

"You are a Catholic, Jimmy?" "Yes, yer honor."

"And you pray to the Virgin Mary?" "I do, yer honor."

"Well, there's no doubt she was a good woman; the Bible says so; but she may have been no better than your mother or mine."

"That's true, your honor. But then you'll allow there's a mighty difference in their children."

SOMEWHAT INTERESTED.—One afternoon a stranger, observing a stream of people entering a church, approached a man of gloomy aspect, who was standing near the entrance, and asked:

"Is this a funeral?" "Funeral no," was the sepulchral answer, "it's a wedding."

"Excuse me," added the stranger, "but I thought from your serious look that you might be a hired mourner."

"No," returned the man, with a weary, far off look in his eyes, "I'm a son-in-law to the bride's mother."

A COUNTRY physician of limited sense and "limited" education, was called to see Mr. R.'s little boy, who was quite ill. He gave some medicine and left, promising to call on the following morning. When he arrived Mr. R. met him at the gate and informed him that the child was convalescent.

"Convalescent?" said the doctor, "convalescent! Then if he is that bad off you'll have to call in some other physician; I never treated a case of it in my life!" and with that he mounted his horse and departed.

FOR THE benefit of our country exchanges we may state that the patent on the old lie about the farmer's daughter who hushed 51 bushels of corn between breakfast and dinner time, expired on the 23d of February and has not been renewed. Any enterprising editor has now the legal right to locate the lie in his own part of the country and increase the amount to 123 bushels in two hours. It will be just about as near the truth as the old patent, and will be a pleasant change for the wearied readers.—*Hawkeye.*

A NEGRO was standing in the street of Porto Rico, where, as is well known, slavery still flourishes, when a storm burst over the town, the rain descending in torrents. "Bum!" hastily pulled off his hat, and did his best to protect it from the downpour. The more terrific it became, the greater efforts did he make to preserve his hat, while his curly locks were saturated like a sponge.

"Why don't you put on your hat, Sambo? You would keep your head dry," observed a passer-by.

"Not such a fool, sah," replied the nigger, grinning. "Head belong to massa; hat belong to Sambo!"

Chaff.
Eternal vigilance is often the price of an umbrella.

A fowl in the hencoop is worth two in the base ball field.

Crows never complain without caws. That's where they are sensible.

If you must dabble in shares, try plowshares. No other kind pays such regular dividends.

Scientific mammals are feeding their daughters on phosphorus, because it is a good thing for making matches.

A lady on being asked why she called her two canaries Wheeler and Wilson, replied: "Because neither was a Singer."

Every man is fond of striking the nail on the head; but when it happens to be the finger-nail, his enthusiasm becomes wild and incoherent.

At the door of a ready-made clothing store in one of the poorest quarters of Paris is the sign: "Don't go somewhere else to be robbed; walk in here."

Is it because man is made from dust that he is always dirty? And is it not true that when he wishes to clean himself he has to part with some of his dust?

Lady Lodger—"Your dog, sir, is unbearable. He howls all night." Male Lodger—"Indeed! Well, he might do worse than that; he might play the piano all day."

"Never leave what you undertake until you can reach your arm around it and clinch your hands on the other side," says a recently published book for young men. Most excellent advice; but what if she screams?

Her Veto.—They were seated on the sofa where they had been for four long hours. "Augustus, do you know why you remind me of the Chinese?" "No, dearest; why?" "Because you won't go." The meeting then adjourned sine die.

A boy who was recently taken to church for the first time, had his attention specially drawn to a man in the choir, who was playing on a bass-viol. After leaving the church he inquired: "Papa, what was that thing the man kept scratching on his back with a stick?"

"Edward, what do I hear—that you have disobeyed your grandmother, who told you just now not to jump down these steps?" "Grandma didn't tell us not to, papa; she only came to the door and said: 'I wouldn't jump down those steps, boys; and I shouldn't think she would, an old lady like her!'"

A stranger in a printing office asked the youngest apprentice what his rule of punctuation was. Said the boy, well, we remind me I can hold my breath, and then I put a comma; when I gape, I insert a semicolon, and when I want to sneeze I make a paragraph.

Music Teacher: "Oh, yes, Miss Clotilda likes playing tunes well enough; but she shudders at the very mention of the scales!" Retired cheese monger's wife, loftily: "I should hope so, indeed! You'll bear in mind, sir, that I have nothing to do with business now."

A little girl once took a letter from her mother to an old friend. "Many thanks, my child," she said; "you may tell your mother that you are a good child and a faithful little messenger." "Thank you, ma'am; and I shall tell her, too, that I didn't ask you for ten cents, because mamma told me not to."

The Lord Lytton was peculiarly happy in returning a compliment. When he met on a certain occasion the novelist, Thackeray, the latter said: "You will pardon me for the unpleasant things I have written about you in *Fraser*." "You will pardon me," replied Lord Lytton, "for never having read them."

The full term of three years had nearly expired, and they were discussing at the breakfast table the certainty that they must move and the uncertainty as to where, when the young miss of the parsonage drew a heavy sigh. "Oh, I was thinking what a mistake mother and I made when we married a Methodist minister."

Magistrate: "You assert that you each have an occupation, State them." First Vagrant: "I am a renovator of second-hand top-knots, your Honor." Second Vagrant: "And I am engaged in the business of smoking cigars for the observation of eclipses, which in some measures accounts for my frequent period of prolonged leisure."

Bokseller.—What sort of books do you want, sir? Customer.—Oh, such books as a gentleman generally has. Bookseller.—About how many? Customer.—Well, my library is 13 by 15, and I want it full. Bookseller.—Will you have them bound in Russia or Morocco? Customer.—You needn't send them so far, have them bound in New York."

A well known merchant was walking down to business Saturday morning, when he was accosted by a gamin, who shouted out: "Say, mister, there's suthin' on your coat-tail." "Yes, I know,—buttons," said the merchant, mindful of the passing day. A way he got into the office, and his partner quietly removed a dish cloth from his coat he felt like apologizing to the small boy.—*Toronto Mail.*

THE HOUSEHOLD.
(Continued.)
"Publication day" is always a busy time in the composing room; every face wears a sort of "England-expects-every-man-to-do-his-duty" expression. The finishing touches are to be given to the markets, the latest quotations being left to the last possible moment. The morning's mail may bring an important notice, or a communication which will be unreasonable if left until another issue, which must be put in type as quickly as nimble fingers can do it. The "copy" in such cases is sometimes cut into "takes" of three or four lines, and divided among the compositors; it is easy to see that if written on both sides of the paper, it takes some of the proverbial cunning of a "Philadelphia lawyer" to get the several parts properly placed. Many offices make it a rule to consign to the waste basket any article, however excellent, which is written on both sides of the paper.

Proofs and revisions accumulate upon the proof-reader's table, and it is in the hurry of these few hours that errors bud and blossom most numerous. A proof-reader's place is no sinecure. On a daily paper he must stay at the office until the very last revise is in, then, with aching eyes, he stumbles homeward through the deserted streets at three o'clock in the morning, running the risk of being mistaken for a capitalist on his devious way after "night with the boys," and being "held up" by a footpad, who wouldn't notice him otherwise. He must be a compendium of general information; a sort of a walking cyclopaedia, intimately acquainted with the dictionary, and personally familiar with the intricacies of pronouns. He must know instinctively what a man is getting at in a sentence so involved that the writer himself could not make sense of it, and be able to wrestle successfully with the most "crabbed" handwriting, whose mysterious characters could give points to the Rosetta Stone. He is responsible to no small extent for the good looks of the paper, and must keep his "weather eye" open for turned letters, misspelled words and typographical errors. When it is re-

membered that the transposition of a letter or syllable, or the presence or absence of a comma will entirely change the meaning of a paragraph, and that he often gets hold of letters in which no punctuation marks whatever appear, it will be seen he must bring to his work a quick eye, the power to concentrate his mind on the work, and the ability to understand a subject as well as the writer. A proof-reader's error in allowing "anti" to take the place of "ante," during the exciting days of the war, nearly cost a newspaper its existence, a patriotic mob threatening to "clean out" the whole thing; and but a short time ago a superfluous cipher, appearing in the statement of the indebtedness of a Lenawee County bank, caused a "run" which, if continued would have crippled its business seriously. It is stated that the publications of the Harpers are most free from errors, and at one time there was a standing offer of \$100 for any error discovered in *Magazine, Bazar or Weekly*. All matter passes through the hands of two of the best proof-readers to be had, whose professional pride is piqued by rivalry with each other. Even with the utmost care errors will creep in, for a transposed letter was not long ago detected upon the fair pages of the *Weekly*.

In making up, the "chases" are put in place, the revised galley is "dumped" upon the "imposing stone," a large slab upon which the pages of the paper are ranged side by side. Matter must go on its proper page; it would never do for an agricultural article to get among the plums and pears of the horticultural department, and sheep and horthorns would not be tolerated in the Household. Advertisements are paid for according to the place they are to occupy, and must be put there, or there is a row with advertiser or agency. The mysterious letters or figures at the bottom of an "ad" are a guide to the man who makes up. No small amount of calculation is needful to secure just the proper amount of matter to fill each department, and when the foreman "measures up" and finds he is "short," his "two-line thoughts" are not apt to be of a character which would be beneficial to the public. I remember seeing once at the close of a lengthy "leader" the following doggerel rhyme:

"These two lines that look so solemn,
Were put in here to fill this column."
Evidently some rhymester was "inspired" for the occasion.

When everything is in place, the forms are "leveled," that is, with a mallet and planer, the type is pounded even and made perfectly solid and firm; they are then "locked up," and are ready to be sent to the press, where they are put into a "bed" prepared for them; this bed lies back and forth, passing alternately from the roller which inks the forms forward under a large roller, over which a man who "feeds" the press, slides a single sheet of the paper, which passes on the type and the roller takes the impression, and while another is following it, is received upon an upright iron frame as it comes from under the roller, which frame lays it carefully upon the pile of printed sheets. The process is rapid, the sheets following each other continuously.

The Scott press, the latest and most improved patent of the printing press, and a most wonderful piece of machinery, prints from a continuous roll of paper, printing on both sides, cutting, pasting and folding, so that the paper goes in blank at one end, and is delivered ready for the mailer at the other. The use of the cylinder of paper necessitates the unrolling and rolling up again of the entire length, during which process it is moistened by a fine spray of water, for all paper must be "wet down" before it will take the "impression." For ordinary presswork bundles of paper are plunged in a bath and piled with dry ones, which they dampen sufficiently. In the Scott press no type goes on the press; an electrolyte of the forms is taken, in a circular shape, the paper passing between rollers clad in these metal suits.

The press which prints the MICHIGAN FARMER delivers the sheets full size upon the table as described, from whence they are taken to the folder. Here a single sheet is slipped forward from a platform by the feeder, a lever seizes it, and doubles it once, drawing it under to another bar, which wears it in another fold, the folding being done so rapidly that the eye can hardly follow the process, noting most the full sheet and then the folded one delivered beneath the machine.

Next comes the mailing. Most offices use "Dick's" mailer, a most convenient machine, which is as much of an improvement on the old plan, which necessitated the writing of each man's name on his paper, as the modern printing press is more rapid than Gutenberg's first model. The man in charge of the "mail list" has prepared strips upon which are printed the name of each subscriber at several postoffices, the headed by the name of the office in larger type. The mailer is in shape something like a bellows, between the two sides of which is an inclined plane on which is placed one of these strips, the slip being coated with paste by its passage down this plane, at the foot of which is a sharp knife. The mailer takes this in one hand, and with a pile of papers before him, he presses the mailer upon the paper, at the same time working with his thumb the lever which makes the knife cut off the name, the same motion presses it firmly on the paper, which he quickly slips aside and marks another. All copies designed for the same office are laid by themselves, with the name of the office to head the pile. Another takes each pile of papers, rolls it in a wrapper, one quick stroke of a brush pastes it, like a flash he writes the name of the postoffice for which it is designed upon it, and it is ready for the mail-bag. At another table single papers are being done up, these being the copies sent to England and other foreign countries, (upon which stamps must be placed before mailing), and those sent to the few localities where there is but a single subscriber. When the bags are all full they are sent to the office, where Uncle Sam's dues are paid, the old gentleman always doing business on a ready money basis, and in a few hours, east, west, north and south, the packages are flying, and the MICHIGAN FARMER is abroad in the land.

WHOLESALE JELLY-MAKING.

